

# SPAWN®





# DESTINATION: ANYWHERE

## part two

### PLOT

TODD McFARLANE  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

### STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

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### SPAWN 145 SUMMARY

His memories taken from him by Mammon, Al Simmons wanders the countryside hoping to find answers to a question he doesn't even remember. His trip takes him to a seemingly innocent town that has a preoccupation with the Devil.

After Simmons is informed of the town's traditions, hell-born architecture and the real reasons behind their beliefs, he attempts to rescue a young girl from being sacrificed and comes face to face with The Forgotten Ones.



TODD McFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS  
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MY DEAR  
FRIENDS,  
BLESSINGS  
ARE UPON ALL  
OF US.

THE *TEIND*  
HAS BEEN PAID.  
THE CONTRACT IS  
FULFILLED.





WHAT ARE YOU?  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT WITH  
THE GIRL?

IT IS NO  
CONCERN OF  
YOURS.

I'M  
MAKING IT MY  
CONCERN.

PLEASE...  
TAKE ME  
HOME. I'M  
SCARED.

THREE OF THEM. NO  
WEAPONS THAT I  
CAN SEE. SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO HANDLE  
THEM. I'VE  
WRESTLED WITH  
ANGELS BEFORE.

WE ARE NOT  
ANGELS. NOT  
ANY MORE. NOT  
FOR A LONG,  
LONG TIME.

WHAT? HOW  
DID HE KNOW  
WHAT I WAS  
THINKING?

YOU ARE  
INTERFERING  
WITH MATTERS  
YOU DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND.  
MATTERS WHICH  
ARE VERY OLD,  
AND VERY  
SACRED.

THE CHILD IS  
OURS BY COMPACT.  
A BARGAIN OLD AS  
HUMANITY ITSELF. YOU  
ARE A HELLSPAWN.  
YOU SHOULD KNOW  
SOMETHING OF  
BARGAINS.

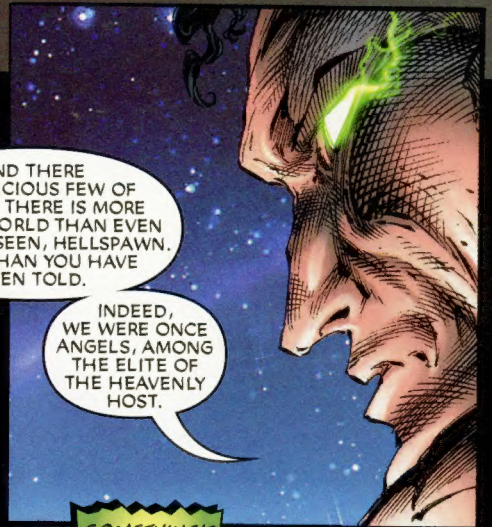






NO ONE'S  
TAKING THE GIRL  
ANYWHERE. NOT  
TILL I KNOW  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON. WHO ARE  
YOU?

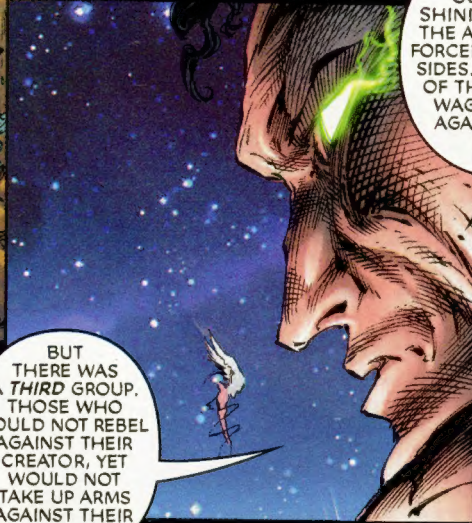
WE  
ARE THE  
**FORGOTTEN  
ONES**, THE  
LOST  
TRIBE OF  
HEAVEN.



AND THERE  
ARE PRECIOUS FEW OF  
US LEFT. THERE IS MORE  
TO THIS WORLD THAN EVEN  
YOU HAVE SEEN, HELLSPAWN.  
MORE THAN YOU HAVE  
BEEN TOLD.

INDEED,  
WE WERE ONCE  
ANGELS, AMONG  
THE ELITE OF  
THE HEAVENLY  
HOST.

**SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING.**



THEN  
WAR BROKE  
OUT IN THE  
SHINING CITY AND  
THE ANGELS WERE  
FORCED TO CHOOSE  
SIDES. THE ARMIES  
OF THE FAITHFUL  
WAGED BATTLE  
AGAINST THEIR  
REBEL  
KIN.

BUT  
THERE WAS  
A **THIRD** GROUP.  
THOSE WHO  
COULD NOT REBEL  
AGAINST THEIR  
CREATOR, YET  
WOULD NOT  
TAKE UP ARMS  
AGAINST THEIR  
BROTHER.

THE STARS  
IN THE SKY  
BEGIN TO  
CHANGE.  
THE NIGHT  
AIR GROWS  
STILL AND  
THE SCENT  
OF PINE  
TREES AND  
MOSS  
FADES  
AWAY.



SO WE WERE  
**BANISHED**, SENT  
INTO EXILE TO WALK  
BETWEEN THE WORLDS. OURS  
IS A TWILIGHT EXISTENCE,  
WATCHING FROM THE  
**AETHER**, BIDDING OUR  
TIME UNTIL THE NEXT  
GREAT WAR.

**THE SKY BEGINS TO  
FILL WITH LIGHTS.**



WE HAVE  
BEEN WATCHING.  
WATCHING HEAVEN.  
WATCHING HELL.  
WATCHING EARTH. EVEN  
WATCHING YOU,  
HELLSPAWN.





SUDDENLY,  
I'M NOT LIKING  
MY ODDS SO  
MUCH.



WHAT  
DOES THE GIRL  
HAVE TO DO  
WITH ANY OF  
THIS?

OUR CONNECTION  
TO THIS WORLD IS  
TENUOUS. AS PART OF OUR  
EXILE, WE ARE REQUIRED TO  
PAY A SACRIFICE EVERY  
SEVEN YEARS.

WITHOUT  
THE TEIND WE  
WOULD SIMPLY FADE  
LIKE SHADOWS ON  
THE WALL.



TO  
HEAVEN OF  
COURSE.

A  
SACRIFICE?  
TO  
WHOM?





IN EXCHANGE,  
WE OFFER UP BLESSINGS,  
HUMBLE AS THEY ARE. GOOD  
LUCK, GOOD WILL, PEACE  
AND TRANQUILITY.

AND WE  
HAVE DONE  
SO, IN VARIOUS  
PLACES ACROSS  
THE GLOBE, SINCE  
THE DAYS OF  
ADAM.

YOU  
SHOULD  
NOT BE SO  
SURPRISED TO  
LEARN WE  
EXIST.

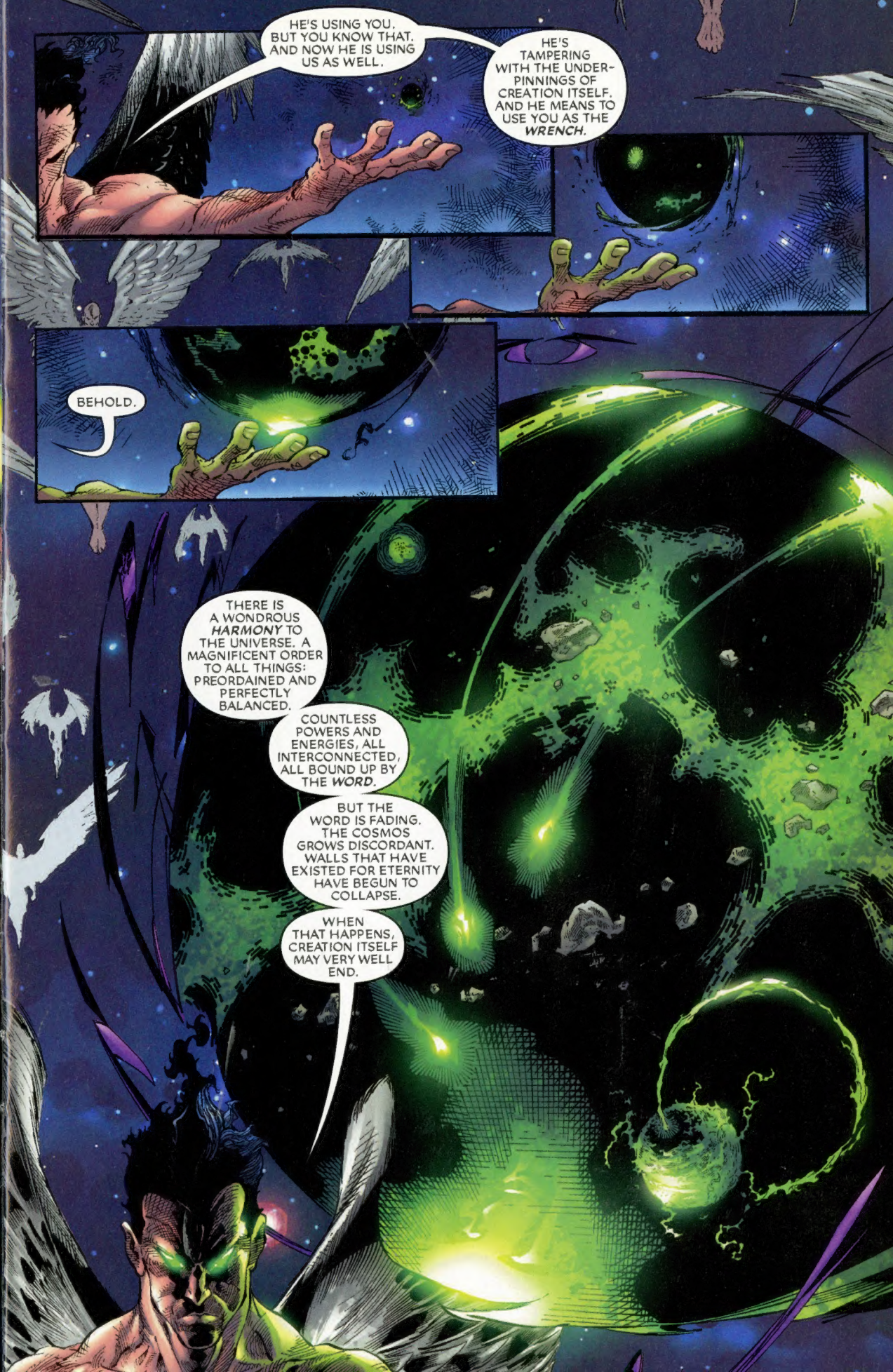


AFTER  
ALL, YOU HAVE  
MET ONE OF  
OUR WAYWARD  
BROTHERS  
BEFORE...



MAMMON...





HE'S USING YOU,  
BUT YOU KNOW THAT.  
AND NOW HE IS USING  
US AS WELL.

HE'S  
TAMPERING  
WITH THE UNDER-  
PINNINGS OF  
CREATION ITSELF.  
AND HE MEANS TO  
USE YOU AS THE  
WRENCH.

BEHOLD.

THERE IS  
A WONDROUS  
HARMONY TO  
THE UNIVERSE. A  
MAGNIFICENT ORDER  
TO ALL THINGS:  
PREORDAINED AND  
PERFECTLY  
BALANCED.

COUNTLESS  
POWERS AND  
ENERGIES, ALL  
INTERCONNECTED,  
ALL BOUND UP BY  
THE WORD.

BUT THE  
WORD IS FADING.  
THE COSMOS  
GROWS DISCORDANT.  
WALLS THAT HAVE  
EXISTED FOR ETERNITY  
HAVE BEGUN TO  
COLLAPSE.

WHEN  
THAT HAPPENS,  
CREATION ITSELF  
MAY VERY WELL  
END.





OUR LOT  
MAY SEEM  
HARSH, BUT WE  
ABIDE BY A  
COVENANT THAT  
IS AS OLD AS  
TIME.


WOULD YOU  
INTERFERE WITH  
SUCH WEIGHTY  
MATTERS? DO YOU  
**DARE** TAMPER  
WITH SUCH  
PERFECTION?

GOD  
DAMN  
RIGHT, I  
**DARE!**

IF THERE'S  
ONE THING I'VE  
LEARNED ABOUT  
HEAVEN, IT'S THAT  
IT DESERVES TO BE  
CHALLENGED.

IF SACRIFICING  
LITTLE GIRLS IS ITS  
IDEA OF "HARMONY,"  
I CAN'T WAIT TO BRING  
THE CEILING DOWN  
ON IT!





YOU ACT RASHLY, AS WE KNEW YOU WOULD. EVEN THOUGH IT HELPS YOUR ENEMY, YOU LET YOUR ANGER RULE YOUR REASON.

MAMMON WAS VERY CLEVER TO COUNT ON YOU. VERY WELL, THEN.

IT IS WRITTEN: TO CHALLENGE THE TERMS OF THE TEIND, YOU MUST SUBMIT TO THE ORDEAL.

FOR THE DURATION OF WHICH, YOU MUST HOLD FAST TO THE SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT OCCURS. IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU ARE FREE TO GO.

IF YOU FAIL, BOTH YOUR LIVES ARE FORFEIT.

THE TERMS ARE NOT NEGOTIABLE. DO YOU ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE?

YES.

WAIT! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

YOU JUST HOLD TIGHT TO ME, DON'T LET GO. NO MATTER WHAT, AND I WON'T LET GO OF YOU.





PROMISE?

PROMISE.

I FEEL FUNNY...

SHE SCREAMS, HER CHILD'S VOICE PIERCING LIKE A TEA KETTLE.

THEN IT DIPS LOW, TO A RESONANT AND FERAL GROWL.

THE ORDEAL HAS BEGUN.


HER BODY IS WARM. MUSCLE, BONE AND SINOW MOVING POWERFULLY BENEATH THICK FUR.

CLAWS TEAR AT ME, TEETH SNAP LIKE IRON TRAPS. I HOLD ON.

I DON'T LET GO.

AND THEN SHE CHANGES AGAIN.





THE WARM FLESH  
GROWS COLD. SCALE  
AND FANG REPLACE  
FUR AND CLAW.

THE BODY  
LENGTHENS AND  
NARROWS, BUT  
THE MUSCLE'S  
STILL THERE.

THE PRESSURE IS  
PHENOMENAL. IT  
THREATENS TO CRUSH  
ME TO PASTE.


I HOLD ON  
AND DO MY  
BEST NOT TO  
CRUSH HER  
BACK.

THEN SHE SHIFTS AGAIN.  
THE SERPENT BECOMES  
A RAGING BULL.

I CLAMP  
MYSELF  
AROUND  
ITS NECK  
AND RIDE  
FOR  
DEAR  
LIFE.

I DO NOT  
LET GO.





THE BULL  
FALLS  
AWAY,  
SHRINKING  
BENEATH  
MY  
GRASP.

IN ITS  
PLACE  
ARE  
BLACK  
FEATHERS  
AND  
HOLLOW  
BONES. I'M  
SCARED  
I'LL KILL.

SHE  
ALMOST  
GETS  
AWAY.

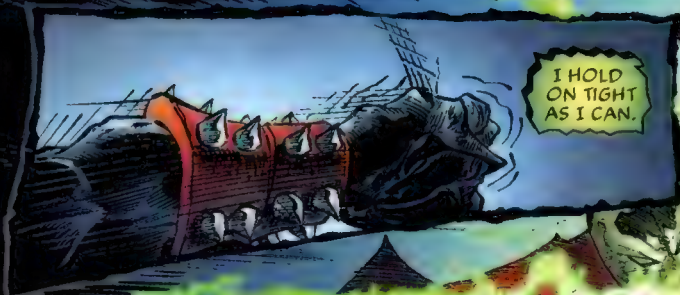
THEN THE RAVEN  
BECOMES A RAT,  
BURROWING THROUGH  
THE FOLDS OF MY  
CLOAK. THE FIRST  
CHANCE SHE GETS SHE  
RUNS FROM ME.

Skweek!

SHE  
CHANGES  
AGAIN.

COLD AND  
SLIPPERY, SHE  
LEAPS FROM  
MY GRASP.





I HOLD  
ON TIGHT  
AS I CAN.

NOW IT IS  
A FIRE. A  
BLISTERING  
INFERNO THAT  
I CANNOT  
CONTAIN.



IT SPILLS OUT  
OF MY GRASP  
AND THEN  
GROWS.  
TAKES ON A  
HUMAN  
SHAPE.



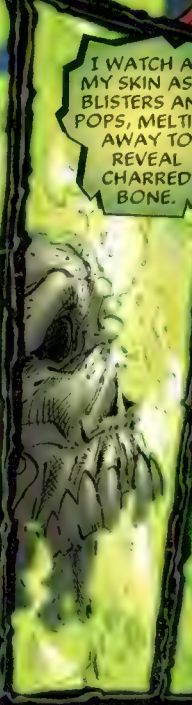
SEEING  
MY OWN  
FACE  
STARTLES  
ME.



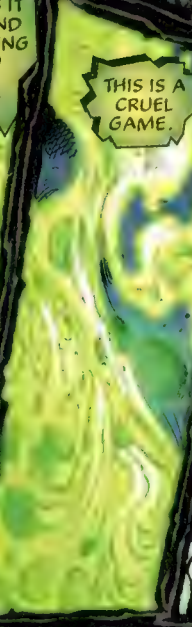
I WATCH  
MYSELF DYING.  
BURNED TO  
DEATH BY A  
TRAITOR'S  
HAND.



I WATCH  
MY FACE  
SCREAM IN  
ANGUISH,  
CRYING OUT  
FOR MERCY  
AND FINDING  
NONE.



I WATCH AS  
MY SKIN AS IT  
BLISTERS AND  
POPS, MELTING  
AWAY TO  
REVEAL  
CHARRED  
BONE.



THIS IS A  
CRUEL  
GAME.



BUT I  
DON'T  
GIVE IN.

AND I  
DON'T LET  
GO.





WHAT'S THIS?

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AND TERRIFIED.

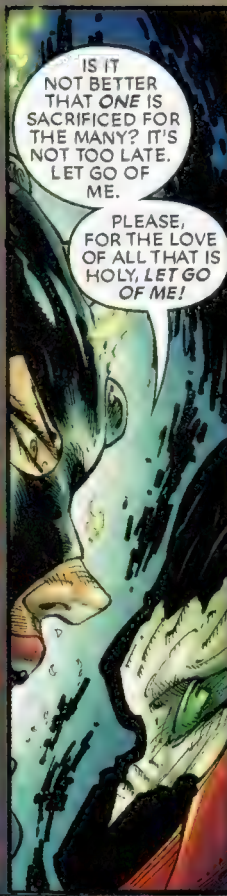


BEFORE I CAN THINK ABOUT WHO SHE COULD BE, SHE CHANGES AGAIN.



RUTH.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU ARE DOOMING OUR ENTIRE VILLAGE!

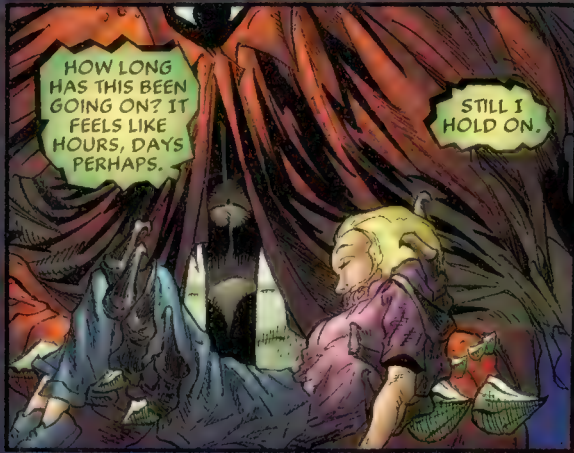


IS IT NOT BETTER THAT ONE IS SACRIFICED FOR THE MANY? IT'S NOT TOO LATE. LET GO OF ME.

PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, LET GO OF ME!



SHE SCREAMS LIKE A BANSHEE, BUT I DON'T LISTEN.



HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? IT FEELS LIKE HOURS, DAYS PERHAPS.

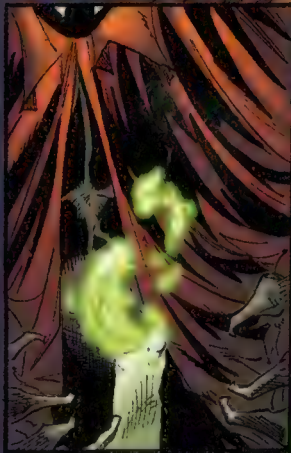
STILL I HOLD ON.



JUST AS I PROMISED.

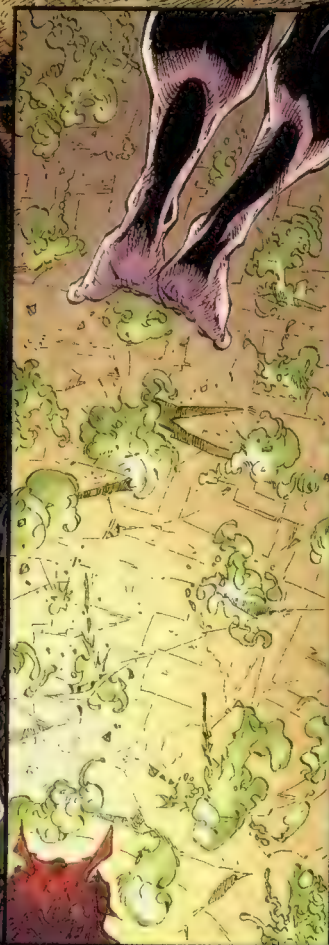
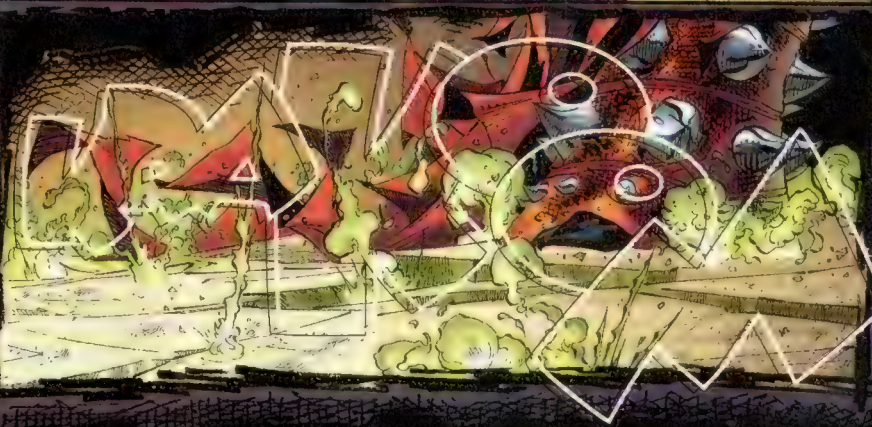
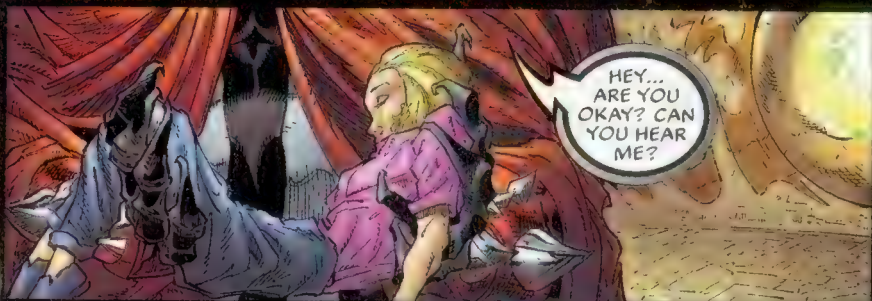


TO THE VERY END.




WHAT HAPPENED?









YOU HAVE  
WON INDEED.  
BUT IT IS A  
DARK VICTORY  
AT BEST.


ONE MORE  
CHAIN OF  
HISTORY HAS  
BEEN SNAPPED.  
THE TEIND IS  
FREE TO GO.

rummm  
m  
mble

MARK  
MY WORDS,  
HELLSPAWN:  
THERE SHALL  
MORE SACRIFICES  
YET TO COME,  
BECAUSE OF  
YOUR ACTIONS  
TODAY.

AND  
THEY SHALL  
BE FAR MORE  
**DEAR!**





THE HEAVENS  
FRACTURE INTO  
A THOUSAND  
JAGGED PIECES  
AND WE ARE  
BACK IN THE  
WOODS AGAIN.

THE GIRL WON'T  
EVEN LOOK AT  
ME. GOD ONLY  
KNOWS WHAT  
ALL THAT WAS  
LIKE FOR HER.

THE FIRST  
CHANCE  
SHE GETS  
SHE RUNS  
FROM ME.





HELLO?




HELLO?




WHERE  
IS EVERY-  
BODY?

ET IN  
ARCADIA  
EGO



ME? I'M  
BACK ON THE  
ROAD. OFF TO  
WHERE THE  
HIGHWAY  
TAKES ME.





ARE YOU WATCHING  
ME, YOU SON OF A  
BITCH? DID YOU GET  
WHAT YOU WANTED?

ARE YOU  
LISTENING IN  
ON MY  
THOUGHTS?

I HOPE SO. I HOPE  
YOU'RE WATCHING CLOSELY.  
BECAUSE WHEN I TAKE YOU  
DOWN, I WANT YOU TO  
*SEE* ME COMING.

THAT'S A  
PROMISE.



DESTINATION:  
ANYWHERE







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE